WESTERN KANSAS WORLD.

Yearly Subscription $1.50. STOCK FARMING THE BASIS OF OUR INDUSTRIES. COWICK & CROOKS. Proprs.

FIFTEENTH YEAR. WA-KEENEY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1893. NUMBER 22.

COUNTRY ROADS.

I'm not a poet, by no means,
I am only yeoman Black;
But I am tired of country roads
That almost break one's back;
And I believe I'll state my mind
In cobbling sort of verse—
My subject is so rough, you see,
My poetry can't be worse.

I live six miles or so from town,
Upon a tidy farm.
Miranda Jane, my wife, is smart,
Possesses many a charm;
We've rid together to and fro
For years, to church and store,
Though Christians, we've by roads been riled
A thousand times or more.

In rainy spring, through splashing mud
Our horses have to poke;
In summer time when there's a drouth
With dust we almost choke;
When apples to the cider mill
Must go, or grain be ground,
To haul down hill, and drag up hill,
Is weary work, I've found.

I'm not afraid of honest toil,
I've not one lazy streak;
And wife's industrious, too; we read
The paper every week;
She profits by the receipes,
And cooks, and sews, and sings,
And I have learned to till, enrich
My land, and lots of things.

My crops, when seasons will permit,
Are always of the best;
'Twixt fruit, and garden truck, and stock
I own an Eden nest:
There's beds of posies in the yard,
Some cash I've safely banked;
I've bought an organ for the girls—
We've three, the Lord be thanked!

I pay my poll tax every year,
Or work it on the square,
Yet these bad country roads are still
Enough to make one swear;
But as I've sworn I will not swear,
Since I the church have joined,
I wish the government would fix
The roads, and ease my mind.

I've lost my tires, I've racked my teams
That I've too sharply spurred,
I've staid to hum on Sunday some,
From preaching of the Word;
The neighbors, too, when weather's bad,
Remain in their abodes,
And all because we're pestered with
Such dreadful country roads.

In this superb Columbus year,
When exposition loads
Chicago-ward are traveling.
'Tis time to talk of roads
Our Old World visitors will stare
At our rude, rustic modes;
Let's make our reputation fair,
By fixing up the roads.

I'm not a poet, by no means,
As anyone can see,
But when our country roads get good,
Then, mebbe, I shall be;
For I do like a ship-shape track,
Where critters need no goads,
And that's my say so,
Yours, Jack Black,
In favor o. good roads.
—Exchange.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

Traveling recently from Chicago to New York, I found in the morning upon crawling out of my berth, that the train was standing still. The porter told me that it had been standing thus for an hour and a half while I had been sleeping the sleep of the just. I dressed and peeped out, and saw that we were alongside the platform of a country station. I took a good breakfast in the dinning car, and then went out to stroll up and down the platform. In the cab sat the engineer alone, waiting. I stopped and gossiped with him about the engine. Then I offered him a cigar which he took with thanks, and asked me to come in. I swung myself into his cab. The engineer—a bright, pleasant-faced man about forty years old—explained to me the uses of the numerous valves and levers about him. They were all as bright and shining as polish could make them, for an engineer is as proud of his engine as any housewife is of the neatness of her dwelling. I glanced at the two shining steam gauges with the clock between them, and then I noticed what seemed to be an ordinary white moth, mounted in a gilt frame, hanging against the wall of the cab. "Is that for ornament?" I asked, pointing at the moth. The engineer smiled. "Well, partly for ornament?" he said, "but a good deal more for sentiment. I put that moth there because it saved my life and the lives of 250 people as well." "How in the world could an insect save human lives?" I asked. Well, I'll tell you, if you want to hear the story. I reckon there's time enough before we're able to get out of this." I settled myself in the absent fireman's seat and prepared to listen to his story.

"It wasn't such a long time ago," said the engineer; "only a year ago last spring. I was running this very train, and had this very engine—old 449. My fireman was Jim Meade—same fellow I've got now. You can see him over there, leaning up against the telegraph office. Jim's a good boy, but he is very superstitious; believes in ghosts, dreams, and warnings. I used to laugh at his fancies, but I don't make so much fun of him as I did—not since we saw the Woman in Black. We were scheduled to leave M—— about one o'clock in the morning, and to arrive in S——at about six. On the night when this thing took place a fearful storm of wind and rain had been raging since early evening, and was at the height of its fury when I started for the roundhouse. It was about midnight and the wind seemed to sweep clear around and through the building. It was terribly dismal. Jim was there, and the engine was all ready, so, after getting my working clothes on, I ran the engine down to the station. Our train, the Vestibule Limited, was an hour late. I gave the engine a thorough oiling, and made sure that all was in order. As we sat in the cab we could hear the storm raging outside, while the rain, driven by the gusts of wind, beat fiercely against the windows. 'It's going to be a bad run, Frank,' Jim said. 'I wish we were in S—— safe and sound.'—I laughed. 'What makes you so terribly glum?' I asked. 'Oh,' said he, 'I just feel creepy somehow. Seems like there's something terrible going to happen. I can feel it in my bones.' I laughed again. 'You got a little wet coming over, I guess, Jim,' said I. 'And the sound of the wind isn't very encouraging that's a fact.' To tell the truth I was a little nervous myself, notwithstanding my easy way of treating Jim's notions.

"Presently our train came in, long and heavy, consisting mainly of sleepers. It used to make me nervous to know that the lives of hundreds of my fellow-men were in my keeping, but now I think nothing of it. That night I was nervous. What if the frightful storm had made a switchman careless, or if a rail had been loosened by the settling of the track somewhere? On these fast trains a man must rely on the vigilance of the employes, for in order to make schedule time he must run at such a speed that often he cannot see a signal before he is upon it. But I laughed at myself for my fears as I backed down and coupled on to the train. I set the brakes and found everything in good order. By-and-by the little gong above my head clanged sharply, and with a puff and hiss of escaping steam we were off into the night and storm, rattling over switches, past signal light and between long lines of cars, till with a roar and rumble, we rushed over the long iron bridge and away through the hills, waking their slumbering echoes with our shrill whistle. Then I pulled the throttle wide open, and the clank and roar soon settled into a hum, for old 449 was doing her best, and we were making fifty miles an hour. The darkness was intense, save where the headlight, an electric device, cast its funnel of light into the gloom. Jim had a big fire and kept steam up to a high pressure, so that we fairly flew past sleeping hamlets and still farmhouses. At our first watering station I made sure that all was working smoothly, while Jim inspected the headlight. The operator handed out the orders, which showed that the road was clear as far as our next stopping place. On we went. The darkness grew more intense, if possible, while the wind shrieked by. The rain became more blinding, till nothing could be distinguished around us.

"Suddenly through the mist and rain I saw looming right before us a gigantic figure of a woman wrapped in a long black mantle, which seemed to flutter in the wind. She waved great spectral arms about in swift, twisting movements. As I stood, looking in horror, the figure vanished with a final wave of her arms. I was too much astonished and stupefied even to make a move of my hand toward the throttle. At that moment Jim had been bending over the fire. As he looked up he exclaimed: 'Hellca, Frank, what's up? You look as if you had seen a ghost!' I did not answer. My mind was too full of that strange figure I had seen. We were now nearing Rock Creek, where there is a trestle over a deep stream. I felt more nervous than ever. We dashed around the curve and whizzed by Rock Creek station, which is only a mile from the trestle. As we passed I glanced at the steam gauge for an instant. A cry from Jim caused me to turn quickly toward him. He sat rigid, his eyes large and staring, his jaw dropped, the very picture of terror. He pointed with a shaking finger out into the darkness. I turned and looked, and then I began to shake myself. There on the track was the same hideous figure of a woman, outlined on the back-ground of light from the engine, now motionless, now whirling in a witch dance, but all the time motioning us back.

"'Frank,' gasped Jim, but scarcely above a whisper, 'don't go over that trestle! Don't go, for heaven's sake! Don't go till you're sure it's safe!' I suppose I was pretty badly scared. At any rate, I put on the air brake for all I was worth. I couldn't have resisted the impulse to stop the train. As we came to a stop I could hear the roar of the water in Rock Creek right ahead. I stepped out of the cab and met the conductor coming up.' 'What's the matter? What's the matter?' he asked impatiently. I felt decidedly foolish. There was no gigantic woman to be seen now. Nothing could be made out more than a few feet away in the blinging storm. 'Well,' said I, 'we've seen something. I don't know what it is—seemed like it was a great black ghost that was waving its arms and warning us not to go forward.' The conductor looked at me curiously. 'Are you crazy, Frank?' he said. 'I should think you were. But we're so near the trestle we'll take a look at it.' We took our lanterns and went ahead, leaving Jim with the engine; he looked scared all over. But we hadn't gone five rods before we stopped in horror.

"There at our feet lay a black chasm, filled with the roar of the river, as, swollen with the spring rains, it dashed down toward the lake. The bridge was washed away! Only a few splinters of wood and twisted iron clung to the abutment, while now, far out over the blackness, that awful black figure of a woman danced again on the thin air, relieved against the shaft of light that the headlight threw. It was flinging its arms about as if in wild glee. The conductor stared at the chasm and then at me. 'Was that the thing you saw when you stopped the train?' he asked. 'Yes.'—'Well, it's something more than luck that saved us to-night, Frank'—'We went back slowly to the train, feeling very queer and thankful, too, I can assure you. Several of the passengers had come running forward by this time. Among them was a young fellow from Chicago, about eighteen years old, who was smarter than the whole of us, as it turned out. When this boy saw the woman in black he turned and looked at the locomotive headlight. Then he ran up towards it. I looked at it as he did so, and I saw a peculiar spot on the glass. 'There's your woman in black!' said the Chicago boy. And there it was, sure enough—that same moth miller that you see there in that frame. He was clinging to the inside of the glass. As I tapped the glass it flew back and lighted on the reflector.

"That's the whole story, sir. The moth by fluttering on the glass just in front of the electric illuminator, had produced a great black shadow, like that of a cloaked woman, on the darkness in front of us, and when he flopped his wing in his vain attempt to sail out through the glass, he gave his mysterious shadow the look of waving the arms wildly. Then when he flew back out of the direct shine of the light the figure disappeared, of course. We never knew just how he got in there, but no doubt it happened when Jim went to fix the light at the pumping station. Anyhow, he saved our lives by scaring us with that Woman in Black. So you see why I keep the moth in the frame. It's to remind me of the way we were saved that night. Yes, you might call it accidental, but I call it providential. "All aboard!" called the conductor of the limited, coming out of the telegraph office with a paper in his hand. Jim the fireman ran and jumped into the cab as I stepped down.—Pen and Scissors.

Making Hot Water Pleasant

"There are many persons who insist that it is impossible for them to drink hot water and make all sorts of disagreeable faces about it," said an enthusiast of hygiene to a writer for the Brooklyn Citizen. "I have heard a great many people say this and for a long time I could not understand it. One day I dropped in upon one of my friends and found her very ill. I made up my mind that a little hot water would be beneficial and ran down to the kitchen to get it. While pouring out a glass for her it occurred to me that it was a good opportunity to indulge in a bit of it myself, so I poured a second glass and after it was cool enough I attempted to drink it. I didn't wonder that she had said she couldn't drink hot water, for such a nauseous tasting mess I think I never tried to swallow; in fact I just absolutely couldn't do it and had to give up. I hardly knew what to say o her when she, upon tasting, declared she couldn't take it to save her life. I could imagine nothing but dishwater in the taste of that liquid. Whether the maids were careless about their cooking utensils or what the difficulty was I couldn't tell. I have experienced the same annoyance in hotels and other places. The water has a greasy, stale, intolerable flavor, and even the smell of it might, I should think, make a well person sick. I have a special little kettle for my hot water and take the greatest pains that nothing that will give it a disagreeable taste is ever allowed near it. When it is prepared it is as bright and clean as the purest spring water. Ever since my little experience at my friend's house I have had no difficulty in accounting for the dislike of many persons for hot water."

How to Avoid Sunstroke.

A correspondent writes as follows to the Lahore, India, Civil and Military Gazette: "With reference to the protective effect of certain colors against the sun's rays, years ago, on my way to India the second time, having already been invalided home once from the effects of the sun, it occurred to me to try the photographer's plan. I reasoned to myself that since no one ever got sunstroke or sun fever from exposure to a dark source of heat or even to one which, though luminous, possessed no great degree of chemical energy, the furnaces in the arsenal for example, it could not be the heat rays, therefore, which injured one, but must be the chemical ones only. If, therefore, one treats one's own body as the photographer treats his plates, and enveloped one's self in yellow or dark red, one ought to be practically secure; and since the photographer lined the inside of his tents and belongings with yellow, it was obviously immaterial whether one wore the yellow inside or out. I had my hats and coats lined with yellow, and with most satisfactory results, for during five years and even extreme exposure never once did the yellow lining fail me; but every time that, either through carelessness or overconfidence, I forgot the precaution, a very short exposure sufficed to send me down with the usual sun fever. Many friends tried the plan and all with the same satisfactory results.

Ghosts Are Very Old, Too.

It has been the current opinion for centuries that places of burial are haunted, especially after nightfall, with specters, ghosts, and other apparitions. Persons who have investigated this matter declare that the ghost idea was prevalent before Noah built the Ark. Even Ovid has put himself on record as believing that spirits occasionally left their sepulchers and wandered about seeking whom they might devour.—St. Louis Republic.

A WOMAN doesn't believe another woman accomplishes anything unless she wears ragged clothing around her work.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

TEMPER is a good thing until you loose it.

SOMETIMES a smile is the mask that hides a frown.

PUTTING armor on a coward will not make him fight.

IT is a poor sermon that wil not hit a sinner somewhere.

THE wicked are in the most danger when they feel the safest.

THE man who has a red nose is about the last to find it out.

WHEN the bank breaks the religion of some folks all goes with it.

THE truth we hate the most is the truth that hits us the hardest.

SOME of the heart's sweetest songs have been learned in the dark.

THE religion of Christ is the only one whose corner-stone is love.

HOW EASY it is for men to find reasons for doing as they want to do.

WHEN faith goes to church to pray for rain, it always takes an umbrella.

AS SOON as Christ has a place in the heart the life begins to bear good fruit.

THE devil's mud cannot be made to stick to a man whose face is toward God.

NO MAN can ever travel away from God without doing it at his own expense.

THE most effective preachers are not always those who wear long-tailed coats.

THE only people who complain of hard times are those who do not give enough.

THE devil never knows exactly what to do with the man he cannot discourage.

AN extravagant man is alway talking to his wife about the necessity of economy.

IF you go to church without meeting Christ the devil will walk home with you.

THE man who wants to work for God does not stop to ask what his pay is to be.

AN idol temple does not make a good boarding-house for a Christian. See 1 Cor. 8:10.)

ALL Christians are expected to be preachers of righteousness, but only a few are sent into the pulpit.

NOT one man in twenty can give a sensible reason, if you ask him, why he keeps a dog.

THE devil has a hard fight to hold his own in the home where there is a praying mother.

THE wickedest man is not the one who has done the most evil, but the one who has resisted the most truth.

THE kind of righteousness that takes people to Heaven is not the kind that goes around bragging on itself.

IF our hearts are full of love to God, we shall find favor in His sight, whether we please anybody else or not.

WITH every increasing probability of a cholera visitation there will be an increase in the attendance at church.

PERHAPS there is nothing the devil tries any harder to do than to keep people from getting to God with their money.

ABRAHAM wouldn't take so much as a shoe latchet from the King of Sodom, and yet there are prominent members in nearly every church who would jump at the offer of a house and lot.

YOU can't tell by the length of a man's life how much his soul will weigh in Heaven. Methuselah lived 669 years, and yet nothing good is said of him.

WE never knew a man so good that his wife didn't often say: "Oh, pa!"

STURGEON FISHERIES.

How the Flesh of the Leaping Fish Came to be Called Albany Beef.

"Why is sturgeon called Albany beef?" said a Fulton Market fish dealer to a New York Sun man. "I don't suppose anybody, even in Albany, could tell you why, but I happen to know.

"Sturgeon isn't as staple a product in the line of fish as it was when it got the name of Albany beef, but there are a great many people who would rather have it to-day than salmon. You trace them back, though, and you will find that they came from Albany, or their folks did.

"If there is any kind of sturgeon better than any other kind it is Hudson River sturgeon. I don't know who the first person was who had the nerve to tackle sturgeon as something to eat, but he was undoubtedly a resident of Albany. I think so, because the first place where the business of catching sturgeon as an article of food and domestic commerce was Albany.

"People at large didn't slop over to any alarming extent about sturgeon when it first came on the market, and the Albany sturgeon fishermen found themselves quite frequently left with more sturgeon on their hands than they knew what to do with. This was unpleasant, and they were in great trouble of mind over it until they learned that they were making a great mistake in killing their sturgeon as they caught them.

"All they had to do was to keep them alive, and tether them in the river by ropes tied about their necks and fastened to the piles at the wharves. The river front in time came to be a regular pasture, so to speak, for captive sturgeons, and some one gave them the name of river cattle.

"From that time it was easy to refer to them as beef, and hence the name of Albany beef.

"Albany is no longer unique as a sturgeon fishing place. In fact sturgeon fishing amounts to very little nowadays in the Hudson River. Lake Erie is the great sturgeon producing water. Lake Ontario gives up a good many, and sturgeon pastures are numerous along the St. Lawrence River.

"Over three miles of rope are in use to tether sturgeon off Oswego alone during April and May. But they get rid of them all. The meat is all smoked and sent to the Michigan and Canadian lumber regions, where it is the staple fish diet.

"The eggs of the Lake Erie and Ontario sturgeon make the caviare that you are under the impression Russia sends to this country. The truth of the matter is that our sturgeon eggs are exported to Russia and other countries where the civilization is equal to caviare as a delicacy.

"If you ever want to see the sturgeon in all its glory go to Sandusky, Ohio. They catch and dry and smoke and take the eggs out of something like 3,000 tons of sturgeon there every year."

Learning Chinese.

For lack of an alphabet, the labor of learning to read Chinese is great. Each character must be learned by itself, says a recent visitor to the Flowery Land, and when the student has mastered a thousand, or five thousand, the following thousands have to be learned, one at a time, in the same way. Previous study gives nothing more than a certain familiarity with the peculiar form which distinguishes each character from its fellows. Little wonder that Chinese education is practically limited to reading and writing, with a few scraps of history and moral science and mythology. Reading and writing occupy the pupil's time every day from five years of age until he is fifteen or twenty. No native Chinese pretends to know all the characters in the language, and no foreigner ever fully masters the art of reading it.

WHENEVER a boy comes anywhere near his mother, she tells him to look at his hands.